



# A proper newe Ballad, declaring the substaunce of all the late pretended Treasons against the Queenes Maiestie, and Estates of this Realme, by

fundry Traytors, who were executed in Lincolnes-Inne felde on the 20. and 21. daies of September, 1536. To Wilsons newtune.



**W**hen first the gracious God of heauen by meanes did bring to light:  
the Treasons lately practised, by many a wicked wight.  
Against their Prince whose life they sought, a many a noble Peere:  
the substance of whose treasons strange, you shall most truly heere.

O Lord preserve our noble Queene, her Counsaile long maintaine:  
Confound her foes and graunt her grace in health to rule and raigne.

Their Treasons once discovered, then were the Traytors sought:  
some of them fled into a Wood, where after they were caught.  
And being brought vnto the Tower, for ioye the Belles did ring:  
and throughout London Bonfires made, where people playnes did sing.

O Lord preserve our noble Queene, &c.

And set their Tables in the Streets, with meates of euery kinde:  
where was prepared all signes of ioye, that could be had in minde.  
And praye for the Lord most hartely, that with his mightie hand:  
he had preserved our gracious Queene, and people of this Land.

O Lord preserve our noble Queene, &c.

Which thing was taken in good parte, by our renowned Queene:  
who by her Letters gaue them thanks, as playnly may be seene.  
Assuring them that all her care, was for their safetie still:  
and that thereby she would deserue, their loue and great good will.

O Lord preserve our noble Queene, &c.

The Traytors well examined, (whom God himselfe bewrayed):  
their Treasons knowne, then were they straight to Westminster conuayed.

Whereas they all indicted were, of many a vile pretence:  
seauen pleaded guiltie at the Barre, before they went from thence.

The manner how they did begin, herein will playne appeare:  
their purposes in each respect, you shall most truly heere.

Herein vnto you will be seene, if they had not bene toyld:  
our Queene, our Realme, yea rich and poore together had bene toyld.

One Sauidge lurking long in France, at Rheames did there remaine:  
whom Doctor Gifford did perswade, great honoz her should gaine.

If that he would goe take in hand, these matters very strange:  
first to depriue our gracious Queene, Religion for to change.

And then for to invade the Realme, by troups of foraine power:  
to ouerthrowe the government, and kill her in her Tower.

By forceably to dispossesse, the Queene of Englands Grace:  
and to proclaime the Scottish Queene, and set her in her place.

Which matter Sauidge promised, his full performance too:  
so that he might see warrant with, safe Conscience so to doo.

The Doctor vowed by his Soule, and bad him vnderstand:  
it was an honourable thing, to take the same in hand.

When Sauidge heard that merites were, to him thereby so rise:  
he vowed for to doe the same, or else to lose his life.

And shortly into England hied, and did impart the same:  
to Babington of Darbyshire, a man sure word of fame.

And tolde him how that he had vowed, to doe it or to dye:  
desiring him of helpe and ayde, and that immediately.

A Jesuite Priest whom Ballard hight, came ouer to that end:  
he came also to Babington, and dayly did attend.

Still to perswade him that he would attempt and take in hand:  
this wilde and wicked enterpryse, and shortly to it stand.

And tolde him that he should haue ayde, of fiftie thousand men:  
that secretly should lande be, and tolde him how and when.

And in respect of all his paines, he truly might depend:  
that it was lawfull so to doe, Renowne should be the end.

But let all Traytors now perceiue, what honoz he hath wonne:  
whose traitorous head and wicked heart, hath many a one vndone.

This proude and hautie Babington, in hope to gaine renowne:  
did stirre by many wilfull men, in many a Shire and Towne.  
To ayde him in this denish act, and for to take in hand:  
the spoyle of our renowned Prince, and people of this Land.

Who did conclude with bloodie blade a slaughter to commit:  
vpon her Counsaile as they should, within Star Chamber sit.  
Which is a place whereas the Lordes, and those of that degree:  
prelues Justice vnto euery man, that craues it on their knee.

Yea famous London they did meane, for to haue sacke beside:  
both Prioz and Magistrates therein, haue murdered at that tide.  
Each rich mans goodes had bene their owne, no fauour then had serued:  
nought but our wealth was their desire, though wee and ours had serued.

Besides these wicked practises, they had concluded more:  
the burning of the Raile and, the cheefest Shippes in store:  
With fire and sword they vowed, to kill and to displace:  
each Lord Knight and Magistrate, true subiects to her Grace.

They had determined to haue cloyde, and poysoned out of hand:  
the cheefe and greatest Dynaunce, that is within this Land.  
And did intend by violence, on rich men for to fall:  
to haue their money and their Place, and to haue spoild them all.

The Common wealth of England soone, should thereby haue bene spoyle:  
our goodes for which our Parents and our selues long time haue toyld.  
Had all bene taken from vs, besides what had ensued:  
the substance proueth playnly, to soone we all had retued.

Those were the Treasons they conspyred, our good Queene to displace:  
to spoyle the States of all this Land, such was their want of grace:  
But God that doth protect her still, offended at the same:  
Euen in their young and tender yeares, dis cut them of with shame.

These Traytors executed were, on Stage full strongly wrought:  
euen in the place where wickedly, they had their Treasons sought.  
There were they hanged and quartered, there they acknowledged why:  
who like as Traytors they had liued, euen so they seemed to dye.

O wicked Impes, O Traytors vile, that could these deedes deuise:  
why did the feare of God and Prince, departe so from your eyes.  
No Rebelles power can her displace, God will defend her still:  
true subiects all will lose their liues, ere Traytors haue their will.

How many mischiefs are deuised, how many wayes are wrought:  
how many wilde Conspyracies, against her Grace is sought.  
Yet God that doth protect her still, her Grace doth well preserve:  
and workes a shame vnto her foes, as they doe best deserue.

O heauenly God preserve our Queene, in plentie health and peace:  
confounde her foes, maintaine her right, her ioyes O Lord increase.  
Lord blesse her Counsaile euermore, and Nobles of this Land:  
preserve her Subiects, and this Realme, with thy most mightie hand.

FINIS.

The names of those traitors that were executed on the 20. & 21. daies of September.

Thon Ballard, a Priest.	Thomas Salisburie, Esquier.
Anthonie Babington, Esquier.	Henry Dunn, Gentleman.
Thon Sauidge, Gentleman.	Edward Ihones, Esquier.
Robert Barnwell, Gentleman.	Thon Trauers, Gentleman.
Chidiacke Tichborne, Esquier.	Thon Charnocke, Gentleman.
Charles Tylney Esquier & a Pensioner.	Robert Gage, Gentleman.
Edward Abington, Esquier.	Ierome Bellanie, Gentleman.

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